

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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## Room for Him

There was no room for them, when travel-stained,  
Robed in coarse garments, and with bleeding feet  
They sought admission. Fast the daylight waned,  
And darkness settled on the cheerless street.

There was no room for them. Wealth, sandal-shod,  
Found open portals, warmth and fawning smiles:  
But they were humble, so they sadly plod  
The short, dark way that ended weary miles.

And He was born within a lowly cave,  
'Mid sleeping cattle, draughts, and shadows grim,  
Let us not offer what Judea gave,  
But, in our grateful hearts, find room for Him.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.